



SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1910

COLORED PUGS HAVE DONE WELL IN THE MINOR CLASS

Johnson Only One to Rise to Pinnacle of Pugilistic Fame—Parson Allen Prays Before Entering the Ring.

The rise of John Arthur Johnson to the highest pinnacle of pugilistic fame, a feat never before accomplished by one of his race, has increased the interest of the public in the fighting ability of the colored man and his record in the roped arena. There have been several great negro pugilists. Any one familiar with ring history knows that. But there have been some remarkable colored freaks whose performances within the ropes have contributed more to the lighter side of pugilistic literature than to the records of achievement.

As a general rule, unless he was equipped with a good white manager, the negro has had little chance to get out of the minor class, but what he has done in that class is wonderful. Most ring followers will tell you that Joe Gans was the greatest fighter the black race ever turned out. There were the Dison, the Walcotts, the Peter Jacksons, and all the rest, but to Gans the palm goes, because he fought longer than any of them and whipped more good men. That Gans fought crooked fights is admitted, but he did so under orders, and when he finally cut loose he fought several years in a manner that won him praise.

Yet early in his career Gans saw the seamy side of the ring. Somebody says him in a rough-and-tumble fight around the Baltimore fish markets, where he worked, and put him on in a preliminary bout. Gans won, and continued to fight for \$5 a fight, until Al Herford took charge of him. The lanky negro developed rapidly and became the star attraction at Herford's club.

In time nobody of his weight around Baltimore could stand before him, so Herford got a lot of big negroes to go on with Gans. Among them was a cab driver named Jones, a 200-pounder, who was known as the "St. Marys County Bully" because he had cleaned up everything in that section of Maryland. Jones had been doing very well in preliminary bouts, so one night Herford put him on with Gans in the main bout.

SECONDS THROW UP SPONGE.

For a round or two things went well. Jones towered above the elusive, cynical Gans, and hit the light-weight sild in and out and hit the bully at will. Finally he put an extra hard one of his famous ripping hooks on Jones' mouth and the bully got mad.

He got Gans into a clinch, and with his noble right arm began a tattoo on the smaller negro's kidneys that sounded like somebody chopping up meat. Gans could not twist out of the bully's iron grasp and things looked bad.

At this juncture Al Herford acted quickly. Gans happened to be worth about \$15,000 a year to Herford, and the promoter had no notion of allowing his meat ticket to be punched full of holes all at once.

So into the ring from the direction of Gans' corner came towels, sponges, water bottles, and everything else in signal of defeat. The crowd was busy cheering the St. Marys county giant and made so much noise the referee could not hear Herford's frantic appeals to him to stop the fight. But he saw the sponges and towels, and glancing over in Gans' corner, saw the agonized expression on Herford's face. Whereupon he stopped the bout.

Afterward the St. Marys county man, who was supposed not to hurt Gans whatever happened, explained himself.

"I wasn't goin' to let that Baltimore nigger cut me all up withouten I done somethin' to him back again."

Jones was immediately wiped off Herford's list and went back to his cab.

FEROCIOUS AT TIMES.

Gans was rarely a vicious negro, but sometimes the taunts of the spectators or his opponent would drive him to the point of ferocity. On two particular occasions he manifested this spirit. Once in Baltimore they brought a big white mechanic up from the shipyards at Sparrows Point and pitted him against Gans. The negro was letting him do fairly well and was making a good exhibition of the fight. Once or twice the big man landed hard on Gans.

"Kill him!" the crowd would yell. "Kill the nigger!" Finally the Sparrows Point man walked to the ropes and raised his hand for silence. Gans stood aside, watching him with that peculiar, plaintive pucker he always wore when fighting.

"For goodness sake stop telling me to kill him," the white man asked the crowd. "Every time you yell that he hits harder."

The crowd stopped and the fight dragged out the final fifteen rounds. Around the fight clubs of Baltimore and Washington are two famous negroes. Alec Brown is one and Parson Allen is the other. Alec is the champion "battle royal" scrapper of Baltimore and Washington. The parson is a tough nut, who says he fights for charity and who always prays for strength before answering the gong for the first round. The "battle royal" is a great card as a preliminary in the Baltimore fight clubs. Four negroes are put in the ring at the same time, one entering from each corner. The man who is on his feet after the other three are knocked out wins the purse, the limit of which on a generous estimate is usually about \$10.

Alec Brown is pastmaster at the

art of keeping out of danger until the psychological moment, then whaling away and cleaning out the ring. But as an individual man-to-man scrapper Alec is no great shakes. He knows that now, but up to last summer he had different ideas. The downfall of Alec came on a river boat, which was carrying a negro excursion down the Potomac from Washington. There was a battle royal, and Alec was an easy victim.

ALLEN WINS HIS FIGHT.

But his dusky audience had not seen enough fighting. On the boat was Parson Allen. Recently Allen had come from Richmond, Va. He had no regular church, but was an evangelist with a wallop in his black shoulders and arms that had to be felt to be appreciated. He says and there is some corroborative evidence in his favor, that all the money he earns fighting goes to a negro orphan asylum out side of Richmond.

Alec was asked if, for an extra \$10 purse, he would take a turn with the parson. The deck of the river boat was roomy, and Alec, flushed with his triumph in the battle royal, to win which had cost him little exertion, readily agreed. The parson was led forth.

Now Alec Brown is about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs not quite 150 pounds. He can hit an awful lick with either hand. The parson is a shade heavier than Alec. Before starting to battle with his dusky brother the parson knelt him down upon the deck and prayed to the Lord for power to conquer Alec. Meanwhile Alec looked on and laughed.

Finishing his devotions, the parson arose and announced that he was ready to begin. No white man saw that fight, but the negroes say it was worth walking miles to witness. One of them, describing it, said:

"Them niggers went at one 'nuther like a couple of goats. All sorts o' rules went, and they jes' natchery butted and mauled each other all over the boat. When they'd land it sounded like somebody maulin' rails."

"Alec hit the parson, but he couldn't stop him. The longer they fought the stronger the parson got. He told Alec he was an imp o' Satan, and that the good Lord had sent him to show him the evil o' his ways."

"And, great Gawd, how the parson did beat Alec. Soon as he saw Alec was tired he sailed in and knocked him out so cold it took half the water in the Potomac to bring him to."

IRONS IN HIS GLOVES.

Last winter, in a preliminary fight in Baltimore, the parson ran into something new to him. It turned out to be an old trick, one often heard of but rarely played. The parson was fighting a husky Baltimore negro. For three rounds the work was rough. When he came back to his corner after the third round, the parson called to the referee.

"Look heer, Mr. Referee," he said, "that nigger is hurtin' me powerful. I never had a nigger hit me and hurt me that way befo'. I wish you'd take a look in his gloves. I believe he's got horseshoes in 'em."

The referee made the parson's opponent take off his gloves, and, sure enough, over his knuckles were bound a couple of strips of iron. The parson's suspicion of horseshoes was not far off. They made the negro take his iron bands off, but the parson was so far gone that he was an easy mark for the rest of the fight.

A really remarkable ending marked a joke fight between two negroes held in Jefferson parish, just outside of New Orleans, during the racing season a few winter's ago.

One of the negroes, Jack Nixon, was a fairly good lightweight, a second-rater who would have done well if he had been properly handled. The other was a "dub" picked up to stay so many rounds with Nixon. After beating the dub for two or three rounds Nixon got tired and decided to finish the show. He whipped in a couple of hard ones and got his victim thoroughly groggy.

The ring was pitched on bare ground in clump of trees. One of the corner posts was a stone hitching post that once marked the front of a hotel. Through the iron ring soldered in the top of the stone post the top rope had been run.

HOW THE "DUB" WON.

The dub was staggering blindly around in the corner of the ring, about 5 feet in front of the stone post. Nixon walked up to him, and measuring the distance, let fly a terrific swing, which he thought would be the finishing blow.

At the psychological moment the dub tottered to one side. He hardly saw Nixon in front of him, and was too far gone to defend himself either by blocking or side-stepping. Luck just happened to smile on him, and he lurched aside as Nixon started the knock-out blow. The result was startling.

Nixon missed his man by 6 inches. His foot slipped, and, carried forward by the momentum of his own blow, he fell against the stone post behind where the dub had been standing. His head hit the post a terrific swart, and Nixon rolled over on his back senseless.

Meanwhile the dub was continuing his drunken wandering about the ring, but as he was on his feet, and as Nixon lay inert for more than the regulation ten seconds, the dub was declared the winner and given a fair-sized purse.—Washington Post, July 17, 1910.

\$150.00 Endowment Paid.

Richmond, Va., July 20, 1910. This is to certify that I have received from John Mitchell, Jr., Grand Chancellor of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, Knights of Pythias, N. A., S. A., E., A. and A., (\$150.00) One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in payment of the death-claim of Bro. Paul Ervin, who was a member of American Lodge, No. 98, of Richmond, Va.

Signed: A. D. PRICE, Administrator.

Witnesses: Isham Norrell, S. S. Baker, D. D. G. C.

BETTER THAN SOAP

WHEN WASHING BLANKETS USE AMMONIA.

Gives More Practical Results and is Easier to Use—Material Leaves Tub in Excellent Condition, Soft and White.

Now the housekeeper must begin to think of washing and putting away the winter blankets. It is a mistake says an authority, to do the laundering with soap. Ammonia does the work much more easily and makes the blanket much whiter and softer than soap can without a tremendous deal of rubbing and other back-breaking exertion.

Put about a cupful or more of ammonia into the wash tub if a single blanket is to be washed, allowing twice as much for a double blanket. Lay the blanket loosely in the tub and pour over it just barely enough hot water to cover it. About two gallons of water will be necessary for every cupful of ammonia. Move the blanket about with a wooden stick for about ten minutes, so that the ammonia fumes will have a chance to reach every particle of the surface.

No soap or rubbing is necessary except possibly around the hem, as the ammonia draws out all the dirt. When the water is discolored and the blanket is nice and white, rinse it in fresh water. Do not wring it, but squeeze it lightly with the hands. Wringing pulls it out of shape. As soon as the blanket is properly rinsed, hang it at once upon the line, letting the water drip from it while drying. Occasionally while it is drying, squeeze the ends with the hands, being careful not to pull the fiber. When perfectly dry, bring it into the house and then press it with heavy weights, if not perfectly smooth. No ironing is necessary.

Some housewives dry blankets on certain stretchers. They say that the blanket keeps its shape better and, of course, there is no possibility of its shrinking.

Needless to say, a sunny day should be selected for the work. The more quickly a blanket dries the less it shrinks and the better it looks.

When the blanket has a colored border, as it usually has, care should be taken that it does not overlap, as the color may "run."

Some Uses of Soap.

A bar of common yellow soap will stop a mouse hole effectually; make bureau drawers and windows which are inclined to stick work smoothly; take the pain from a burn; cut up fine (quarter of a bar) and dissolved in hot, strong borax water; it will clean plated silver ware; let silver soap for two or three hours in the solution and little rubbing will be needed. Combined with brown sugar, soap will bring a painful swelling to a head and draw out a splinter from under the finger nail. Rubbed on a nail, it will prevent the wood through which it is driven from splitting. This is often used by carpenters, who drive the nail through a bar of soap before using. Mixed with stove blacking, it lessens the labor of applying and improves results. It will stop a leak in a boiler, in emergency cases, and quickly removes the odor of perspiration. It will also serve as a substitute for wax to point darning yarn. The inner wrappers are useful to clean bathtubs.

Chicken Tamales.

For chicken tamales take three cupfuls cooked chicken meat, six red peppers, quarter of a cupful chopped onion, half a cupful vinegar, one cupful fine bread crumbs, one cupful tomatoes, ten chopped olives, one egg, seasoning of salt, pepper and paprika. Chop the chicken meat. Chop peppers and onion and soak in vinegar for one hour. Drain, add remaining ingredients. Shape like croquettes. Roll in corn meal and wrap in corn husks. Tie the ends to keep the mixture in. Steam for three hours. Dux in the oven for 15 minutes. Serve hot.

English Cloth Balls.

A little different is the English method of using homemade cloth balls to remove grease. Moisten a half pound of dry fuller's earth in a little lemon juice. Add a half ounce of finely pulverized pearl ash and work it into a thick paste. Roll into small balls and dry in the sun or near the fire. In a few hours they will be ready for use. When needed moisten the spot with warm water and rub with the balls. Place in the sun to dry and then brush off the powder or wash if necessary.

Strawberry Rolls.

Mix biscuit dough and turn out on board. Cut into eight even pieces. Roll each in a long narrow strip about one-half inch thick. Place two rows of whole strawberries on each one and sprinkle with sugar. Roll up and place in a shallow pan with the folded side on the bottom. Place in the pan so they will just touch and sprinkle sugar on each and bits of butter. Put one teaspoon of hot water on each and bake in quick oven. Delicious. Serve hot.

French Roast.

Get a pound of round steak, cut thick. Cut into three or four pieces, put into a frying pan and brown, being careful not to scorch it. Cover with water and add salt and a small onion cut into small pieces and let all stew slowly, renewing water when needed, until it can be cut with a fork. It takes about three hours. Let the water boil away some at the last and thicken the gravy with flour. Even stew beef cooked in this way is good.

Peppermints.

Two tumblers granulated sugar, one-half tumbler cold water. Roll nine minutes without stirring from the time it begins to boil. Remove from the fire, add eight drops of oil of peppermint and stir until white and creamy. Drop quickly on wax paper.

"Home Again!"

Plans For the Reception In New York--His Western Tour--Will He Run For the Presidency Again?

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.



WHEN THE KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA PASSES THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

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these acoustic disturbances would look something as follows:

Crack! Boom! Toot-toot! Hurray! Has anybody here seen Teddy? Three cheers! (Followed by three cheers and several yells.) What's the matter with—Oh, you Teddy! Siss-boom! Toot-toot! Whooop! Wow! Roosevelt forever! He's coming! Yee-e-h-o-o-o! Ring! Bang! Tump-tump-tump! Ow-ow-ow! Hurray for Teddy! Hoop-la! Hail to the chief! My country, tis—Toot! Boom! Crash!

Raise this to the 10th power, then prolong it indefinitely, and you will have the beginning of a hint of what will happen on this noisiest of days.

It will be a wonder. Everybody will be in New York that day either in person or by proxy. And everybody that is at all vociferous will be making some kind of sounds. Most of these sounds will be loud—at least as loud as their authors can contrive. The din thereof will have New Year's night and the Fourth of July rolled into one and then have enough noise left over to supply a large and busy collection of boiler factories.

Twenty Thousand In Line.

The official program of the Roosevelt reception in New York catalogues the event somewhat as follows: The entire reception committee, headed by Chairman Vanderbilt, will steam down the bay to meet the Auguste Victoria on Saturday morning, June 18. It will take the colonel aboard and return to the Battery with all the craft following that can possibly get in line.



"THE WORLD IS MINE!"

Embarking at the Battery, Colonel Roosevelt will be officially welcomed by Mayor Gaynor. Then a land parade will take the place of the one on water, and the former president, former African hunter, former grand adviser and former present big noise of three continents will ride up Broadway, preceded by the mounted police, mounted band and escort of rough riders and followed by everybody in the United States that has been able to get a place in the procession. It is estimated that there will be 20,000 men in line. Among these will be the Spanish war veterans, Syrians in fezzes, Mayor Jim Dahlman of Omaha with cowboys, Hungarians in national costume and every other nationality that goes to make up the composite product known as the American people.

It seems good, doesn't it? Just like the old days! After a dreary year of Payne-Aldrich tariff, Uncle Joe, the in-

The Return of Roosevelt

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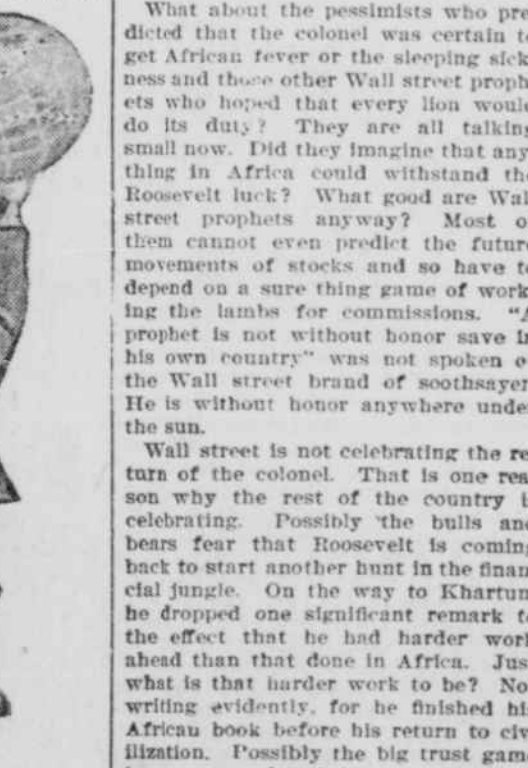
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It is perhaps as well to keep ourselves within the bounds of sanity when dealing with Roosevelt or with other things.

Will Go to Cheyenne.

As to whether he will or will not become a presidential candidate he alone can answer. Of only two things are we sure—that he will have the greatest reception ever given an American citizen on his homecoming and that he will go to Cheyenne in August and presumably will greet certain hordes and swarms of delighted citizens on the way and back. This much will come of the colonel's return by way of San Francisco and tear up the vocal apparatus of the country on his way east. That he could not do because it would bring him home too late for his son's wedding. But he yielded to the suggestion to the extent of taking a later round trip to Cheyenne. Beyond these meager details it is given out that he will lecture, write books and help to edit the Outlook. What else the future holds for him and for us the American people and Theodore Roosevelt himself alone can tell.

Certain it is that he will have plenty to do after he informs himself of what has taken place during his fifteen months' absence, and whatever he does it will keep the country on the jump. It is impossible that his personal energies should be bottled. They will find an outlet, and a political outlet at that. Of late the advice have linked his name with an ambitious tour of twenty-four states, with an address at one big mass meeting in each. This tour is to be made in connection with the Cheyenne trip, and the fortunate commonwealths included are as follows:

New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey.

Walter Wellman, who has been with him on the European tour, intimates that if the country demands it Roosevelt will again run for president. By the way, Wellman in one of his letters has a touch that is too good to be lost. It recounts how a young Englishman came down to the wharf in Egypt to see the former president. He gazed long and earnestly at that picture of health. Then he turned and said:

And just to think that man is now returning from a year on the equator!

They tell me he has been out day after day eight, ten, twelve hours in the scorching sun. He has waded marshes up to his neck. He has fought his way through papirus and reeds and ooze and mud. He has never had a day of fever or met a touch of dysentery. Look at him and look at me, as I have been down here 700 miles from the equator only one year. I have tried to take care of myself. I have been in no swamps, done no hunting, save of mosquitoes. I am a wreck—have had fever, have had dysentery, have taken barrels of medicine, have been in hospitals and am now going home. I am



RECENT SNAPSHOT OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

a shadow of my former self. That is the way with most of these who come down into this country, which is no place for a white man. We go bad. We waste away. But look at this Mr. Roosevelt. Isn't he a wonder?

Here at home we who have known him all his life and who are of all shades of political opinion concerning him must echo that sentiment—Isn't he a wonder?

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love; uniting the separated and bring back the lost one. Traces lost or stolen goods. Unearths hidden treasures. Removes evil influences. Cures, Spells, Ill Luck, cures tricks and Conjurings, gives Luck and Success in all you undertake. Cures the Tobacco and Liquor Habits. Allows the Captive to be set Free.

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